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others so desiring, calling cards of any
size or quality, having on the reverse
side the Manual Alphabet, which many
people would be pleased to learn.

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We have a fine line of bill-heads
and business cards, which we shall be
happy to print for customers at very
low prices.

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NAL.—Only \$1.50 a year.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1878.

NUMBER 19.

POETRY.

SAMPLE ROOMS.

BY VIRGINIA J. KENT.

Samples of wine, and samples of beer,
Samples of all kinds of liquor sold here;
Samples of whisky, samples of gin,
Samples of all kinds of "bitters," step in.
Samples of ale, and porter, and brandy;
Samples as large as you please, and quite handy;
Our samples are pure, and also you'll find.
Our customers always genteel and refined;
For gentlemen know when they have taken
enough.

And never partake of common stuff,
Desides these samples within you know,
There are samples without of what they can do;
Samples of headache, samples of gout,
Samples of coats with the elbows out,
Samples of boots without heels or toes,
Samples of men with a broken nose,
Samples of men in the gutter lying,
Samples of men with delirium dying,
Samples of men cursing and swearing,
Samples of men all evil doing,
Samples of lonely, tired men,
Who long in vain for their freedom again;
Samples of old men worn in the strife;
Samples of young men tired of life;
Samples of ruined hopes and lives;
Samples of desolate homes and wives;
Samples of aching hearts, grown cold
With anguish and misery untold;
Samples of noble youth in disgrace,
Who meet you with averted face,
Samples of hungry little ones,
Starving to death in their dreary homes.
In fact, there is scarcely a woe upon earth,
But our "Samples" have nurtured, or given them
birth!

Oh! all ye helpers to sorrow and crime,
Who deal out death for a single dime,
Know ye that the Lord, though he may delay,
Has in reserve for the last great day,
The terrible "woe," of whose solemn weight
No mortal can know, till the pearly gate
Is closed, and all with one accord
Acknowledge the Justice of their reward

STORY TELLER.

SLEEPING IN THE BARN.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

Carrie Fletcher came from Philadel
phia last summer to make a visit to
her cousins at Flint Rock Farm. About
the same time, Belle Montgomery
came from Boston with her grand
mother to board there for the season.

All the household tried to make it
pleasant for the boarders through
many kindly little offices, and by mak
ing the surroundings as comfortable
and restful as possible, but somehow
Boston and Philadelphia, as represent
ed in the persons of these two young
ladies, did not assimilate readily.

Carrie had been ordered by her
physician to live out of doors as much
as possible, and with direct reference
to that injunction, she and her cousin,
Lucelle Spaulding, planned a great
many little excursions about the farm,
and to inviting and picturesque places
on the adjacent mountain sides, where,
carrying their lunch, and the big farm
dog, Schodine, accompanying them,
they found both health and happi
ness.

Miss Montgomery was always in
vited to join them, but it generally
happened that the sun was too warm,
or there was dew on the grass, or
they had to ride part of the way in a
farm wagon; or at least, there would
be some of the particulars of the ex
hibition that would shock her critical
ideas of propriety.

It was in vain her friends tried to
make her understand that there was a
perceptible difference between Flint
Rock Farm and Beacon street, as to
the respective conventionalities to be
observed, and material and style of
dress to be worn. Had she been go
ing to Brush Mountain blackberrying,
or to the Glen fishing, she would have
considered it incumbent upon her to
appear in full dress.

Carrie and Lucelle came home from
each fresh excursion with such dra
matically enthusiastic descriptions of
the enjoyable time they had had, that
Miss Montgomery would impulsively
declare her intention of joining in the
next day's expedition. But when the
time came for starting she would be
come seemingly disgusted with some
thing, and retire from her resolution.
And so it generally occurred that
while her companions were as happy
as the day was long, she was having a
dull time indeed, apparently.

As the day drew near for Carrie to
return home, she, said one afternoon:
"We have been everywhere, and done
everything we had planned when we
came to dear old Flint Rock Farm,
except to sleep in the barn; to-night

we must take that exploit." It was a
new barn, completed just in season
for the storing of the crops of hay and
grain that summer, having been built
in place of one burned the previous
winter. It was so nice, and clean,
and convenient, from the top of its
lofty cupola to the bottom of its roomy
cellar, and the fresh hay and grain
that had been stowed away in the
"deep mow" and on the broad lofts
were so sweet, that Carrie had declar
ed her intention of sleeping there, on
the clover, one night at least.

Belle admired the capacious, new,
bright painted barn exceedingly, and
her companions thought she would
like to join in this piece of frolicsome
adventure, but they would not ask her
because she had refused so many of
their urgent invitations.

Just at twilight the two girls put on
dark calico wrappers, took a couple of
blankets each, and proceeded to their
new dormitory, Lucelle's brother Bay
reuth and Belle generously going with
them to see them established for the
night.

"I want to tell you," said the hand
some, broad-shouldered Bayreuth, as
he was making the rounds, seeing
that everything was all right and se
cure, "that you know you never slept
in a barn and are unused to the queer,
ever-occurring sounds the cattle make
in their sleep or when they change
position. I haven't the least doubt
but that you will be frightened half
out of your wits before morning.

I shall lock you in your roomy,
though not very cool apartment, and
shall leave this east window open. If
you are alarmed in the night, so that
you feel you will have to seek your
old sleeping quarters, like civilized
people, go to that window and call.
My window, the one this way, will not
be closed, and as I always sleep with
one ear on the alert, I shall be sure
to hear you."

"We are not so timid as you may
suppose us to be," said Carrie, "I as
sure you we shall not give any cry un
less there is something really serious."
"There will be nothing really seri
ous likely to happen," replied her cous
in Bayreuth, "but I am sure you will
call me before morning.—Good-bye;
pleasant dreams!"

The two girls stood awhile at the
window watching Bayreuth with Belle
on his arm as they disappeared in the
shadow of the maples. Then they
turned and regarded for a moment
their improvised bed of blankets and
clover on which they were to have
such a "nice sleep." The spot, a little
distance from the window, on the
pleasantly odorous elastic mow was
hardly to be defined in the deepening
gloom that hovered around the lofts,
the big beams, the alleys, the rafters,
and over the wide threshing floor of
the huge barn. But the brave girls
found their way to it, and after some
little adjusting and smoothing out of
the blankets, they laid themselves
down.

"How awfully dark and still it
seems," said Lucelle, presently. "I
think we might have been trusted with
a lantern," sighed Carrie who was
always half afraid of the dark: "we
are not children."

"You know," replied her cousin,
"how determined Bay is that there
shall not come a lantern into this barn
—in the upper part of it—there was
no such probability that the old barn
was set on fire by a lantern; and when
one is carried into the basement it
has to be placed in one of the reflect
ors made for the purpose."

"I know it," said Carrie testily,
"what a fussy old thing Bay is, any
way. Let's open that west window."

"I think we had better not," replied
Lucelle, Bayreuth closed it.

"Well, I don't care if he did," re
sponded Carrie; "like General Jackson
of famous memory—I take that re
sponsibility."

With much laughter and many tum
bles in the hay, Carrie made her way
to the window, and after a great deal
of fumbling in the dark after the fas
tening, she opened it. Then came the
difficult task of finding her way
back to her bed, and her companion,
Lucelle, provokingly kept silent, until,
fearful lest Carrie might pitch off the
mow upon the bare, hard threshing

floor, she raised her voice again, where
upon Carrie, guided by the sound,
quickly regained her place by the
side of her cousin. Half vexed, and
with quite a little chill of timidity
creeping over her, she curled herself
close down in the hay, and pulling
the blanket over her tried to compose
herself to sleep.

All had been silent now for a while,
when just as both the girls were being
borne into the realms of the drowsy
god, the great barn shook, and a noise
equal to a small earthquake greeted
their erect ears, and brought them up
to a sitting posture without much
ceremony.

"Oh! what is it?" they both whis
pered with abated breath. A mo
ment's deliberation satisfied them that
it was only the big "wheel" oxen ly
ing down. Being rather unmanage
able fellows they were always kept
yoked; consequently the movement
of one was dependent upon that of
the other. They were not what two
yoked-fellows always should be—of
one mind, so that before the heavy,
obstreperous animals got fairly down,
preparatory to their repose, there was
necessarily some commotion as the
heavy thuds sounded through the
barn.

Presently, the pigs had some sort
of a tussle; and, not long after, the
horses in their stable, just below the
girls, awoke to consciousness, and
neighed and kicked and stamped,
until it seemed as if the whole structure
would crumble down about them.

Each of these different and sharply
discordant sounds being talked over
and satisfactorily explained, and the
two girls having become somewhat
accustomed to the inevitable annoy
ances of their novel positions, they at
last fell asleep.

The desired repose had not long
been enjoyed when Carrie awoke her
cousin.

"Hark! I hear something," she
whispered.

"It's only some of those horrid
creatures," Lucelle answered sleepily.

"No, it is not. You don't think it can
be Bayreuth trying to frighten us?"

"No, indeed," responded Lucelle in
dignantly; "brother Bay likes fun, but
he wouldn't try to frighten us at this
time—hush, I hear it now, it's more
than one person. They are under the
west window; they are stealing from
that pile of kindlings. Let's get up
and get a look at them."

As silently as they could the two
now thoroughly aroused girls crept
across the square of dim star-light up
to the window and looked cautiously
out. Directly under it was a pile of
shavings and other debris, which had
that day been swept out from the tool
room in the basement.

Near this pile stood two men. The
girls plainly heard one of them say to
the other:

"I tell you to-night is the time to
do the business. This stuff will all
be cleared away to-morrow. Bay
Spaulding is too tidy a man to let
this lie here long. If we touch it off
now, it will make such headway, be
ing at the leeward of the wind and at
the back side of the barn, that it will
be a sure go before anybody sees it."

"We can make our escape," contin
ued the man, "through the orchard,
and when the alarm is given, put in
an appearance and make ourselves use
ful. Folks will say the fire caught in
the shavings from the hot sun; some
of the under ones are fine and damp
and you know that would make heat
too."

"It is too bad, I declare," said the
other man, "Bayreuth Spaulding is a
good, accommodating man. But it's
hard times, and we must earn money
in some way. Look out now, hold
your cap down here," and drawing a
match across one leg of his overalls,
he held it carefully in his companion's
cap to protect the flame from the
breeze till he should ignite the shav
ings from the vicious little tongue of
fire.

Carrie started to run to the east win
dow to call for the promised help, but
Lucelle gave her arm a warning pinch,
and held her breath while the match
was held under the shavings. The
two men now ran off with long noise
less strides. The uncertain flickering

flame now grew strong. Carrie had
caught a glimpse of the two incendi
aries by the ruddy little pyramid of
fire.

It had been dangerous to wait even
the instant she did, but the brave girl
was determined to run some hazard in
the premises that the authors of this
fire might be identified if it were a pos
sibility. She knew them; they were the
two young carpenters who had worked
on this new barn all the time it was
building.

The two girls now rushed across the
hay mow to the east window and
screamed as they never screamed be
fore. Bayreuth almost instantly ap
peared from the vine clad piazza.

"Good Heavens, sis, what is the mat
ter?" he shouted.

"The barn is on fire at the back side;
let us out, quick, quick," the girls both
shouted back. By the time they had
reached the west window again, Bay
reuth, was there, kicking and stamp
ing out the fire which the barn had
not yet caught. He threw the bits of
burning boards out into the dewy
grass, and worked with such a will,
that, with the aid of a pail of water
that Belle had quickly brought, the
fire was soon completely extinguished.

"Unlock the door, quick!" came the
united voices of the girls from the
window above the now steaming pile
of shavings; "we have slept in the
barn long enough."

In attempting to put his hands in
his pockets for the key Bayreuth dis
covered that his hands were badly
burned. Belle showed herself an adept
at dressing burns, and her sympathiz
ing demeanor toward the handsome
and wealthy young farmer was very
noticeable.

"I never knew spontaneous combus
tion to happen in such a way, and I
am more puzzled about the origin of
the fire that came so near being disas
trous than I was over the burning of
the old barn," said Bayreuth the next
morning.

"Don't talk any more about 'sponta
neous combustion,' you dear old inno
cent," cried Carrie. "It was Tom
Hartman and Ned Miller; Lucelle and
I saw them plainly and heard their
talk." And the girls described the in
cendiary attempt.

Bayreuth was hard to convince, but
he had the men quietly arrested, so
that there were any mistake about it
there would be no publicity about the
affair. The man who had hired them
to do the despicable act, having refus
ed to pay them on account of the fail
ure of the scheme, they told the whole
story.

This man was angry at Mr. Spaul
ding because he had recently, in the ca
pacity of a magistrate, found the for
mer guilty in a trespass case, and be
ing a carpenter as well as these two
young men, he had united the revenge
he had been harboring with his self
interest, and had hired them to do the
deed. They had been out of work for
some time, and being unprincipled fel
lows, they fell in with the scheme.

Mr. Spaulding magnanimously for
bore to appear against the young men
on their promise to leave the town,
and to seek honest employment else
where.

The man who had been the instiga
tor of the dastardly act, on hearing
that he had been exposed, ignominious
ly fled to a distant part of the country,
and so there was an end of all prosecu
tion in the matter.

Had not Bayreuth's hands been so
badly burned on that memorable night,
perhaps the reason would not have so
soon appeared why he and Belle were
so promptly on the spot when the girls
gave the alarm.

It seems that they, being rid of their
teasing companions, as they considered
them, were, when their screams reach
ed their ears, indulging in a sentiment
al chat on the front piazza.

When Belle and Bayreuth were mar
ried, as they eventually were, Lucelle
and Carrie declared it to be all owing
to that "sleep in the barn." But Belle
blushingly confessed that her interest
in her agreeable partner began with
their first acquaintance at Flint Rock
Farm, and that she had slighted the
girls' invitations to the numerous ex
peditions, not on account of fastidious
ness, as they supposed, but that she
might enjoy Bayreuth's company at
dinner all to herself while they were
off lunching by themselves.—*Courant.*

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE NOTES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 20, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—We are enjoying
our holidays in various ways, each ac
cording to his own tastes and inclina
tions.

All the players of the Kendall Base
Ball Club are staying at the college,
playing matched games with clubs
from the city. In their last game they
nearly succeeded in whitewashing the
Arlingtons, but through a wild throw,
which was the only error in an other
wise faultless fielding, the Arlingtons
scored one run. The score stood, at
the end of the 9th inning, 27 to 1 in
favor of the Kendalls.

One student has gone home to
spend the holidays; another to Balti
more to see his friends. A few others,
full of patriotism, went on a pilgrim
age to the shrine of the Father of his
Country, at Mount Vernon; and still
others went on foot to view the battle
field of Bull Run, from which they
have returned laden with the spoils of
war, in the shape of torpedoes, canon
balls, rusty bayonets and other relics
of the pride, pomp and circum
stance of war. Indeed the accounts
of the sanguinary battlefield of the ré
bellion, brought by them, are very in
teresting and instructive, well worth
writing about.

Two other students set out for Bull
Run in their canoes, although it was
considered a foolhardy feat, as neither
of them could swim, and their loss can
be ill spared by the college, as one of
them is a Senior and the brightest or
nament of his class. To be prepared
for the emergency, I shall write out
their obituary notices.

The 1st of May has been fixed upon
as the presentation day of the graduat
ing class. General Garfield, of Ohio,
will address the class of '77 on that
occasion.

The fifth lecture of the series was
given by Prof. Gordon, upon "The
Alchemist." He gave an amusing de
scription of the attempts and experi
ments that had been made age after
age to discover the "Elixir of Life" and
the "Philosopher's Stone." Even the
most learned savans that the world had
ever seen, not excepting Sir Isaac
Newton, were not entirely free from
that belief. Our only regret was that
Prof. Gordon had not a little more
command of the sign language so that
we could appreciate his lecture the
better. At the end of the lecture, a
love-sick youth asked the professor if
love pills could not kindle a spark of
the divine passion in the bosom of a
girl.

On our last concert Sunday, President
Gallaudet, informed the Sunday-school
that Sophia Gallaudet, whom we had
been supporting and educating with
the fond expectation of her becoming
a missionary to the deaf and dumb in
her native country, Syria, had been
taken out of our hands. During the
Russo-Turkish war, the missionary
school, which our protege had been
attending, was broken up and the pu
pils were scattered among the inhabi
tants of Samaria. The family with
whom Sophia Gallaudet found a home
and a refuge has adopted her, and re
fuses to give her up. In the course of
his remarks, the president expressed
himself as disappointed in his main
object, but added that our labors were
not entirely thrown away, for Sophia
Gallaudet was originally a poor, igno
rant orphan girl, and we have given her
a good Christian education, making her
what she is now. The bread which
we cast upon the waters may come
back to us after all. The Sunday
school is looking for some other de
serving object of charity.

The list of the officers of the Read
ing Club for the ensuing term is as
follows: President, Holloway, '77;
Vice-President, Lars Larson; Secre
tary, Koehler, '83; Treasurer, C. E.
Stewart; Librarians, Messrs. Allen and
Tufts. Those members who failed to
get a two-thirds vote for abolishing
the rule mustered their forces and
called a special meeting, but their op
ponents, by a trick worthy of congress
itself, had the meeting adjourned, and
their object failed. When the matter

came to the ears of the faculty the pres
ident interfered, on the ground that
the rule against signs was one of the
conditions upon which he had granted
the petition for a reading-room, and
that it was so understood in the charter.

The names of the newly-elected of
ficers of the Literary Society are as
follows: President, Delos A. Simpson,
'78; Vice-President, Leicester Good
man, '80; Critic, F. R. Gray, '78; Sec
retary, J. J. Sanson, '80; Treasurer,
Lars Larson, '82; Librarian, Theodore
Kiesal. The society has been talking
of naming their new hall, Lyceum Hall.

Induced by a laudable desire for
mental culture and self improvement,
the boys of the Primary Department
have formed a Reading Club among
themselves. Their constitution was
drawn up on a plan similar to ours,
and they shame us by their strict ad
herence to the rule, prohibiting the
use of signs. The first papers that
they contributed for are the *JOURNAL*
and *Mirror*. Their officers are as fol
lows: President, F. C. Cook; Vice
President, Brookmire; Treasurer, E.
Granguard; Librarian, W. Bateman;
Officer, E. Carter.

One student asks the very pertinent
question, "What is the use of ears to
a deaf-mute?"

Says a Senior to a Prep.: "Come and
perambulate to the city with me."
"What is that big word?" asks the
mystified Prep. "Absquatulate with
me, I say, to the city." Seeing that
his listener was bewildered by the
"learned length and thundering sound"
of his words, he added: "Vamoose with
me." At length, his feelings having
reached that point where patience
ceases to be a virtue, he interjects the
last word, "skedaddle, then, you young
fool."

I forgot to mention that F. R. Gray,
'78, was elected valedictorian of the
Literary Society, and C. M. Rice, the
reply orator.

The other day, a member of the
reading club, after looking carefully
around to see if there were any officers
in the room, addressed another mem
ber in signs. He was astonished, when
that member said, "You are fined for
making those signs." He remembered,
but too late, that the one to whom he
had been talking was an officer.

There has been a new arrangement
in the students' dining-room. The
faculty now take their meals with us,
and each of the matrons takes turns
in presiding at the table. By this
innovation a few changes in the usual
order of things were made necessary.
The chief change is the introduction
of the old-fashioned tea-pot on the
table, to which each of the students is
expected to help himself, instead of
having the waiter-girls to pour out
their tea or coffee for them. This oc
casioned a "tempest in the tea-pot" at
first, but the storm has apparently
blown over. The tea-pot furnished an
excellent subject for the ready pencil
of the college caricaturist. Abram
Frantz, our "Tom Nast," drew a series
of clever cartoons, representing the
tea-pot in its successive stages of de
struction at our hands, during each
succeeding year. Thus, in '77 the tea
pot is a perfect model of earthen ware,
but in '78 it is broken around the
mouth; in '79 the handle is nowhere
and in '80 the upper half is gone, and
so on until a mere fragment remains
of what was once a magnificent piece
of pottery. The remains are carefully
buried within sight of the college, with
the following inscription on its tomb:
"Here lies Cæsar turned to clay." A
cast iron bucket, warranted never to
break, is put in place of the dead tea
pot.

STUDENT.

A LESSON FOR ALL.—Look to your
spending. No matter what comes in,
if more goes out you will always be
poor. The art is not in making mon
ey, but in spending it. Little expens
es, like mice in a large barn, when
they are many make great waste. Hair
by hair heads get bald; straw by straw
the thatch goes off the cottage, and
drop by drop the rain comes into the
chamber. A barrel is soon empty
if the tap leaks but a drop a minute.
When you mean to save, begin with
your mouth; many things pass down
the red lane. The ale jug is a great
waste. In all other things keep within
compass. Never stretch your legs
further than the blanket will stretch,
or you will soon be cold. In clothes,
choose suitable and lasting stuff, and
not tawdry fineries. To be warm is
the main thing, never mind the looks.
A fool may make money, but it needs
a wise man to spend it. Remember
it is easier to build two chimneys than
to keep one going. If you give all
for back and board there is nothing
left for the savings bank. Fare hard
and work hard while you are young,
and you will have a chance to rest
when you are old.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1878.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.
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Rome, Onondaga Co., N. Y., Associate
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REV. HENRY WINTER STYLL, Foreign Editor,
U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every
Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes
published; it contains the latest news and cor-
respondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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THE PHONOGRAPH AND THE DEAF.

Years ago Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet, at
that time instructor of the High Class
of the New York Institution for the
Deaf and Dumb, during a lecture on
Natural Philosophy, remarked that he
believed the time would come when
means would be devised whereby paper
could be so prepared as to retain the
speech of a person talking to it. Just
how and in what manner the sound
waves would be reproduced he did not
venture an opinion, but he insisted
that the thing was not an impossibility,
but entirely as feasible as photography,
and that the daguerotype invention
opened the way for this other which
would follow, he hoped, before he
should die.

Under this theory writing was to
become secondary; for the man of
business now employing scores of
clerks, could then open a book, speak
what was to be put down, and have it
reproduced exactly as he spoke. So,
too, with letter-composition; a sheet
of paper could be taken up, talked to,
folded, superscribed and sent in much
less time than good penmanship and
grammar now require.

Years have passed; and if Dr. Peet
recalls his aforesaid remarks he will
find it partially exemplified in the pho-
nograph, one of the most wonderful
inventions of this or modern time.

The phonograph lacks some things
that Dr. Peet predicted, and it contains
some the Doctor did not contemplate.
Briefly, the phonograph is an instru-
ment for reproducing sounds, such as
those of speech, song, or of musical in-
strument. You can take the instru-
ment, talk it chuck full, turn the crank,
and have the pleasure of hearing it talk
the same back to you. By some pro-
cess your talk to it becomes stereotyp-
ed, and is capable of reproduction,
with the peculiar tones of your voice
thrown in, though we understand that
this latter feature needs improvement
before it can be called approximately
perfect.

Great things are prophesied of the
phonograph. It is probably going to
hurt the printing business; for the
latest novel or scientific treatise can
be read into one by an accomplished elocutionist, copies of the plate (containing
40,000 words) multiplied and sold at
twenty-five cents or less apiece, and,
fitting any phonograph, the purchaser
can take one home, get out his instru-
ment and his slippers, lay down, set
the machine going and have a happy
hour in being read to. He can lay in
a miscellaneous stock of plates, and
vary his intellectual food at pleasure.
The same is true of music; Nilsson
will be enjoyed the world over; though
she never leaves the piano in her
drawing-room.

Edison, the inventor of this wonder,
has gone a step further and is perfect-
ing the areophone, an instrument for
raising the tones and sending them
far ahead. The value of the areophone
is exemplified on the railroad. The
engineer lets the steam run through
the instrument in his engine and
shouts: "Chicago Express—clear the
track;" or "Man sick on train, have
hack and doctor ready;" or anything
he pleases, while nearing a station,
and can be heard as far as a steam
whistle and as distinctly. The life
station on a dangerous coast can give
directions to a strange vessel, and be
heard above the roar of the storm,
and an alarm of fire can be distinctly
spoken all over any city.

With the possibilities of the tele-
phone, the phonograph and the areo-
phone, the telegraph must eventually
take a back seat. Mr. Edison is hard-
ly thirty years old yet, and what his
fertile brain may not combine is high-
ly problematical.

But, after all, what good are all
these things to do to the deaf? They
all depend for their success on the ear.
The bringing of electricity to
meet the needs of man, in its various
ways, was a mastery over light, the
recent inventions bring sound under
control, and they are already heralded
as boons to the blind. There are
many thousand deaf in Mr. Edison's
country. Cannot he invent something
to make them hear?

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items
that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to as-
sociations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the
benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and
readers will keep us supplied with items for this
column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

CHICAGO has eight mutes in a shoe-factory.
The Colorado Institution has 50 evergreens on
its grounds.

The classes of the Kansas Institution have
been photographed.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. Mr. Mann are ex-
pected at Rockford, Ill., in May.

A deaf-mute resident of Ithica, N. Y., is the
latest victim of railroad walking.

The *Mirror* sighs for a law for the compulsory
education of the deaf and dumb.

A road has been graded, and fifty evergreens
set out at the Kentucky Institution.

The foreman of the shoeshop at the Kansas
Institution has a new sewing machine.

BARREL-MAKING is among the latest amuse-
ments of the boys at the Kansas Institution.

They recently had a very enjoyable tableau
and pantomime at the Michigan Institution.

A recently organized literary society at the In-
diana Institution is named the "Clere Society."

Two tramps turned up at the Michigan in-
stitution and were fed; but they saved wood first.

MARTIN Cullinan, of Arlington, Vt., is going to
work in C. B. Vial's shoeshop in that village.

THREE hundred colored eggs made the pupils
glad at the Kansas Institution on Easter Sunday.

PROFESSOR Job Turner's post-office address
from this time till May 20th will be St. Louis, Mo.

NEWSPAPERS for kite-making are in great de-
mand among the boys of the Minnesota Institution.

The Virginia Institution scholars are rehear-
sing for a public examination which they will give
in a few days.

The *Mirror* thinks that two dictionaries of the
sign-language have been issued. Where? When?
By whom?

G. M. Price, Esq., organ manufacturer of Illi-
nois, has a deaf-mute wife, who is said to be
very charitable.

They will soon have an entertainment at the
Virginia Institution,—and invite all the seminary
girls, we suppose.

The *Advance* says Mr. Booth's article on "Punc-
tuation" in the April *Annals* "reads like the
speech of an old woman."

The superintendent of the Kansas Institution is
Mr. Bowles, and his pupils get letters address-
ed, "In care of Mr. Bowles."

A Minnesota auctioneer yelled at a dozen pup-
ils from the Institution there, and finally won
his eloquence with "sold, by jingo!"

A fellow in Chicago pretending to be deaf and
needing money to see his dying mother, was
hailed up and fined \$100 by a local justice.

A former pupil of the Virginia Institution vis-
ited her *alma mater* recently and said she had
been through nearly every State in the Union.

IN ANSWER to our California friend, inquiring
the whereabouts of Mr. Aaron Hedden, we would
say that he is living in Palmyra, Wayne Co., N. Y.

The *Gazette* tells cattle owners that it won't
pay any longer to drive cows to the institution
gates. There is a keeper there and they can't
get in.

FISHING parties are in order at the Kentucky
Institution. We have enjoyed (?) that sport sev-
eral times this spring, but failed to get a "rib-
ble."—*Star*.

The local deaf-mute bachelor of Rockford, Ill.,
has ornamented his room with a picture of an
owl on a limb, solemnly regarding a couple of
owlets in a nest.

The pupils of the Ohio Institution do get invita-
tions to come and enjoy themselves. Their
latest was from a circus and menagerie. They
went and had a good time.

Hos. A. T. Sharpe, treasurer of the board of
trustees of the Kansas Institution, called at that
school a few days ago, and made everybody hap-
py by leaving a little money.

Dr. Gillett, of the Illinois Institution, has been
a member of the International Sunday-school
Lesson Committee for seven years, and has been
elected to serve another term.

The Central New York Institution uses the
Novelty-erayon eraser for its large slates, and
can recommend it as a good article, raising much
less dust than the common towel.

To the list of deaf-mute artists must be added
the name of Miss Louise Coust, of Sterling, Ill.
She is spoken of as good at the easel, though
nineteen and never been to school.

The pea vines in the cold latitude of the Cen-
tral New York Institution are higher than those
of the warmer sphere of the Kansas Institution.
The difference at last accounts was two inches.

The last question before the Illinois Insti-
tution Teachers' Association was: "It is wise to
teach arithmetic complicated with hard lan-
guage?" We don't see how they can learn un-
less they take the language as it comes.

CAESAR LEISEROWICH, a deaf-mute, who is said
to be a very expert "bater," after having been
employed for some time in the shoe-manufacture
at Norwich, Conn., is now doing similar work at
Schirley & Kommet's in Philadelphia, Pa.

A deaf-mute by the name of Nathan E. Pen-
dleton, a resident of Belfast, Me., while on his
way to the bridge to catch founders on Sunday
morning, April 16th, was run over by the Bangor
and Belfast stage and seriously injured. Moral:
Never fish on Sunday.

JAMES Freeman, a deaf tramp, was struck by a
west-bound passenger train while walking on the
Ohio & Mississippi track about a mile west of
Vincennes, Ind., on the afternoon of April 25th,
and killed instantly, dislocating a shoulder
and receiving internal injuries. He was taken to
the county poor-house that night, but his recovery
was doubtful.

SOME one, having a desire that we should keep
our "upper story" cool, in order, perhaps, to be
better able to prosecute our semi-annual edi-
torial labors, took advantage of our absence from
the house the day last week, and left us a fine,
substantial summer hat, for which the kind do-
nor, whoever he may be, has our hearty thanks.
May his shadow and hat never grow less.

I sent a new gold pen holder to Mr. Frank
Read, Editor of the *Advance* last time. I think
that he is proud of it because he is a natural
mute, but some semi-mutes editors can't do so.

Yours truly,
JACOB E. TUTTLE.

Talk above is taken from the *Mirror* and ex-
plains all about that gold pen. Those who used
to inquire if Tuttle was sarcastic, are answered
with a vengeance.

REHAB Wait, of Jacksonville, Ill., writes to us:
I noticed in your issue of last week the following
question: "What is the smallest bridge in the
world?" In reply I would say that I think it is
the bridge of the nose. I wonder if there is one
that is still smaller. To his reply to the query
we will add that H. B. Crandall, of West Oakland,
Cal., gives his reply: "that life is the smallest
bridge, which we think is the nearest correct."

A kind-hearted, generous lady lately sent us
\$3 for two subscriptions to the JOURNAL—one
for herself and the other for a deaf-mute man
working for her, thus showing her appreciation
both of our paper and of her help. Accompany-
ing the above was an Easter gift of five dollars,
for both of which the lady has our most sincere
thanks. We cannot boast of a present of a "gold
pen," but feel that our present was a valuable
substitute for it.

At a service for deaf-mutes held by the Rev.
A. W. Mann, in Christ Church Chapel, although
the weather was bad, the congregation was
large, showing that the interest in the work
was steadily increasing. One person had com-
pletely a hundred miles for the sole purpose of
joining in the silent worship, which she had not
before been present at for thirty years. There
will probably be some candidates for confirma-
tion from the mutes at the regular visitation in
Christ Church. Mr. Mann hopes to extend his
work to Fulton and Kansas City soon. His next
service in St. Louis will be on Sunday, May 12.
—Church News

The grounds of the deaf and dumb Institution
at Omaha are to be improved this spring, which
will make them very complete. The tract of
twenty acres is now well surrounded with 1,700
forest trees. Prof. Kenney has given well-direct-
ed attention to planting an orchard, so essential
to an institution of this kind. He has now
300 fruit trees, some bearing size; 300 grape
vines, besides small fruits. He says fruit is es-
sential both for economy and health. Last year,
besides vegetables, 600 bushels of corn were har-
vested. New ornamental trees, evergreens and
shrubbery will be planted. Mr. J. T. Allan plants
the grounds and superintends the work.—*Omaha
Republican*.

The Chicago Deaf-Mute Society met in Far-
well Hall again on the 27th ult., to consider the
report of the committee directed to confer with
the agent in charge of the room they formerly
occupied on Madison street. The committee re-
ported that the agent could allow the society to
occupy the room for half the amount formerly
charged. The society agreed to accept the offer,
and a collection was made at once. The sum
needed to begin with was easily raised. The so-
ciety will move its furniture and other effects in-
to the room at an early day and resume its meet-
ings. It is thought that a complete reorganiza-
tion will be made, and it is hoped the society will
get along better than heretofore.

On the 8th of March the Rev. A. W. Mann
held a service for deaf-mutes at Emmanuel
Church, Rockford. Besides the number of mutes
present, the church was filled by the members of
the parish. Before the service, the rector ad-
dressed the congregation on the great import-
ance of the church mission to mutes. The Rev.
Mr. Mann then held a service and preached in the
sign-language. After the second lesson the rector
baptized a deaf-mute and his infant son. Mr.
Mann went through the service in the sign-
language. The rector read it. The mutes present
seemed much interested in the service, and the
rest of the congregation, also. Mr. Mann is to
visit the place soon again. He seemed to be a
very efficient and devoted man. God bless him
in his noble work.—*The Province*.

One is to place credence in the statement
of the Flint correspondent of the JOURNAL, he
will have a nice lot of stories to believe of the
graduates of this institution. If the writer is a
graduate himself, he must be proud of his *alma
mater*, and still prouder of his brother graduates.

We do not care to enter into controversy with
lead names from an anonymous correspondent
to lead us to believe the statements to the con-
trary. We think the graduates from this Institution
will compare very favorably with those of other
Institutions, and if there is any very black sheep
among them it is those who endeavor by indan-
ation or innuendo to blacken all the rest keeping
themselves in the dark.—*Mirror*.

J. H. Winslow, a deaf and dumb man, residing
in this village, barely escaped being killed by the
cars on Monday. It happened thus: As the
11:26 a. m. train from the north was coming up
from Norwood and had got within 80 or 100 rods
of our depot it overtook Winslow, who was walk-
ing on the right hand side of the track coming
toward the depot and with his back toward the
looming train, and when it reached him the en-
gine struck him on the left side and threw him
into the ditch. The engineer, of course, did not
know that Winslow was deaf and dumb and sup-
posed he would get out of the way. The train
was stopped as soon as possible after the acci-
dent and was backed up to where Winslow lay
and he was taken aboard and brought to the de-
pot. Station Agent Allison had him carried at
once to his residence and medical aid was sent
for. Dr. Reynolds arrived in a few moments.
Winslow is under his care. He is not danger-
ously hurt. No bones are broken, but his left
side is badly bruised and he is very lame and
sore. Winslow is an active, intelligent fellow
and generally keeps well posted in local matters,
but he probably had not learned of the time of
the arrival of trains, under the recent change in
time. He undoubtedly now knows when the
11:26 train gets along.—*Potomac Courier*, May 2,
1878.

We are in receipt of the first annual report of
the Western New York Institution for Deaf-
Mutes, for the year ending September, 30th,
1877. This institution, managed by fourteen
trustees, has Mr. F. Westervelt for principal,
assisted by two male and three female teachers,
in addition to which there is another female
teacher, who has charge of instruction in the
manual. Mrs. Westervelt is the matron; and
there are also an assistant matron, a house-
keeper, an attendant, and a supervisor. The insti-
tution was incorporated February 4, 1876, the
school opened on the 4th of October, 1876, with
28 pupils and closed with an average attendance
of 52. In all, 87 pupils were admitted during
the year, the majority of whom had no previous
instruction. In the opinion of Mr. E. Darwin
Smith, president of the board of trustees, many
of the deaf-mutes of Western New York would,
undoubtedly, never have been educated at all but
for the establishment of this school; "for," says
Mr. Smith, "experience has shown that parents
will refuse to send their unfortunate children to
distant cities to be educated." The success of
the institution has exceeded the expectations of
the trustees, the number of scholars has increas-
ed as rapidly as they could be provided with ac-
commodation, and under the very satisfactory
management of Mr. Westervelt, their progress
in learning has been exceedingly gratifying. The
health of the officers and scholars was good
throughout the year. The expenditures for the
school during the year were \$17,407.45.

FACTORY FACTS.

Close confinement, careful attention
to all factory work, miserable feelings,
poor blood, inactive liver, kidneys
and urinary troubles, and all the phys-
icians and medicine in the world
cannot help them unless they get out
doors or use Hop Bitters, made of the
purest and best of remedies, and es-
pecially for such cases, having abun-
dantly of health, sunshine and rose
checks in them. None need suffer if
they will use them freely. They cost
but a trifle. See another column.

Local Paragraphs.

There was a light frost last Monday
morning.

L. S. Tiffany has lately shingled the
upright part of his house.

Street Commissioner S. R. Spooner
has commenced work on the streets.

Fruit trees in this village and vicinity
give fair promise of an abundant
crop.

Ed. Wheeler, having taken the con-
tract, commenced street sprinkling
last week.

The M. E. half-dime social will meet
this (Wednesday) evening at the house
of Holland Wilder.

Miss Nellie Tuller, who has been
sick for some time, is now better and
able to get out again.

Phillip Smith, who was very sick for
a few days, has so far recovered as to be
in his store again.

The oldest inhabitants, we believe,
think they never saw vegetation in
this locality any more advanced at this
season of the year than at the present
time.

We are pleased to hear that Mr. Sim-
mon Tuller, who has been sick several
months, has lately been improving con-
siderably and that he is gaining some-
what in strength.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Butler, who were
united by marriage May 1st, gave a
brilliant reception at their home, But-
terfly, Friday evening, the 3d inst.
Quite a number attended from this
village.

Peter McKindley has completed the
wall under his house, is going to grade
up around it, and, when he gets every-
thing fixed up right, will have for him-
self and family a very pleasant and
comfortable home.

Our potatoes in the garden are up
and look very nice. The bugs are al-
so up—to the times and to the vines—
and look fat and sleek. There will
probably be a good crop of potatoes
or bugs, but we presume not of both.

W. H. Albright, of Auburn Theo-
logical Seminary, preached two very
interesting sermons to good audi-
ences at the Presbyterian Church in this
village last Sunday morning and even-
ing, in the absence of the pastor, Rev.
J. Q. Adams.

E. L. Huntington keeps on hand,
at his drug store, a choice collection
of house and bedding plants, among
which are verbenas, callas, geraniums,
pansies, fuschias, all kinds of roses
and many other varieties to please all
desiring anything in that line.

Mrs. Clinton Northrup and children,
of Iowa, are visiting friends in this
village. Mr. Northrup and his family
have lived in Iowa only since last fall,
but they are getting along finely in
their new home, and are becoming con-
siderably attached to that country.

The Troy Family, or Laundry Pol-
ish, gives a splendid lustre to shirts,
collars, cuffs, etc., etc. It received a
prize medal at the Centennial Exposit-
ion, and highest medal awarded at the
American Institute Fair in 1872.
Price 25 cents. For sale at J. C. Tay-
lor's drug store.

On the 1st of May the mail route
between this village and Prattville, on
account of the recent establishment of
a post-office at the latter place, was
put under effective operation, and a
mail now leaves Mexico post-office at
11:30 a. m. via Prattville to Union
Square depot, connecting with the
postal car south on the Syracuse North-
ern Railroad.

Some of the scholars of District No.
8 took their buckets of "hash" and
other refreshments last Saturday and
went to the woods to enjoy a model
picnic; but the rain set in two hours
too early for them to derive much
pleasure from their little excursion and
not a minute too late for some of them
to take a thorough-soaking. How-
ever they may repeat the experiment at
some future time, and we hope next
time they will have pleasant weather.

Jo. Hewitt was before Justice Cole
one day recently charged with selling
intoxicating drink without a license.
He gave bail for appearance at county
court. We understand that Mr. Dil-
lon, proprietor of the Empire Hotel,
was also brought before Judge Cole on
the same day on a similar complaint,
and, being the second complaint of the
same kind against him, he was required
to furnish increased bail for his ap-
pearance at the county court.

Franklin Griffith, after a sickness of
several years, passed away on Tues-
day morning, at the age of 53 years.
The funeral services will be held at
his late residence at 1 p. m., and at the
Presbyterian Church, in this village, on
Thursday afternoon, the 9th inst., con-
ducted by Rev. T. A. Weed, of Scotts-
ville, N. Y., and formerly pastor of the
above-named church, of which the de-
ceased was a worthy and very faithful
member. The family of the departed
have the sympathy of this community
in their hour of bereavement.

We learn from the Phoenix Reg-
ister that Mrs. Libbie Adkins, daughter
of Rev. Mr. Andrews, committed
suicide a few days ago at the residence
of her parents, near Schropfville
Bridge, in the town of Clay, Onondaga
Co., N. Y., by cutting her throat
with a razor. The deed was done on
Thursday and she lingered till Sunday,
when she quietly passed away. Mrs.
Andrews was twenty-nine years of age,
and was a few years ago married to
Prof. George Andrews, who was at one
time one of the assistant teachers in
the Mexico Academy, from whom she
had obtained a divorce, retaining pos-
session of her little son, who is now

about six years old. The sad affair
has cast a gloom of sadness through-
out the vicinity in which the unfortu-
nate lady resided.

William Knight has been up to his
tricks again. "June" hitched his horse
for him one day in front of our office,
and, as a reward for his ingenuity in
fastening him so securely, Mr. Knight
brought him a present of a nice mess
of eggs—no little robins' eggs, but
some of the largest, if not the largest,
hens' eggs that we ever had the plea-
sure of dissecting. So ponderous were
they that our "devil" thought if they
had been used for "setting" eggs they
would have either hatched out two-year-
old cattle or yearling colts. All who
partook of those samples of monstrous
hen fruit expressed their united op-
inion that they had never tasted such a
pleasant sight. Mr. Knight has the
unqualified hearty thanks of all most
deeply concerned for his delicious and
(to us) profitable present.

FEELS YOUNG AGAIN.

"My mother was afflicted a long
time with Neuralgia and dull, heavy,
inactive condition of the whole system;
headache, nervous prostration, and
was almost helpless. No physicians or
medicines did her any good. Three
months ago she began to use Hop Bit-
ters, with such good effect that she
seems and feels young again, although
over 70 years old. We think there is
no other medicine fit to use in the
family."—A lady, Providence, R. I.

NEW YORK INSTITUTION NOTES.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT FOR THE LATE
MARTIN BROWN.

At a meeting of the Executive Com-
mittee of the Panworld Literary As-
sociation of the New York Institution
for the Instruction of the Deaf and
Dumb, held April 25, 1878, the follow-
ing preamble and resolutions were
unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, it has pleased Almighty
God to remove from us, by death, our
associate and member, Martin Brown,
therefore,

Resolved, That while we bow with
meek submission to this grievous and
mysterious dispensation, we mourn
not as those without hope, but confi-
dently believe that he has passed to a
higher and better state of existence,
where, with faculties unimpaired, he
is rejoicing in the favor of Him who
said to the deaf-mute "Ephphatha."

Resolved, That we will ever cherish
the remembrance of his uniform cour-
tesy, kindness and efficiency, and will
hold up his example as especially wor-
thy to be followed.

Resolved, That in his success as a
student in the institution and as sub-
sequently one of its officers, we recog-
nize the ability of a deaf-mute to make
for himself an honorable name, and to
assume a position of responsibility in
the community.

Resolved, That a copy of these res-
olutions be sent to the family connec-
tions of the deceased, and that they be
offered, for publication, to the *Ed-
ucator* and to the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

ISAAC LEWIS PEET, Chairman.
THOMAS F. FOX, Secretary.
New York, April 25, 1878.

RESOLUTIONS PASSED BY ADELPHI LODGE OF
ELECT SURDS IN MEMORY OF THE LATE
MARTIN BROWN.

At a meeting of Adelphi Lodge No.
1, Order of Elect Surds, held at the
New York Institution for the Deaf and
Dumb on Thursday, April 25, 1878,
the following preamble and resolutions
were adopted:

WHEREAS, By the hand of death,
Companion Martin Brown, the Deputy
Master of this Lodge has been re-
moved from our midst, we, his associates
and personal friends, deem it proper
that we should place on record our
sense of respect and esteem for him,
therefore,

Resolved, That by the death of
Martin Brown, the Order of Elect
Surd in general, and Adelphi Lodge
in particular, have lost a useful mem-
ber, and the New York Institution for
the Deaf and Dumb a valuable officer.

Resolved, That representatives be
selected by the Master of Adelphi
Lodge to attend his funeral, and that
the members of the Lodge wear a
badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these res-
olutions be presented to the mother
of the deceased, and that they be
offered to the *Educator* and the *Deaf-
Mutes' Journal* for publication.

R. B. LYDDE,
E. A. HODGSON, } Committee.
H. D. REAVES,

A Table,

For those who use the Book of Com-
mon Prayer.

MAY 12th, 1878.

MORNING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 12th day of the
month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Joel iii v. 9.
2d Lesson—Acts v.
English Lectionary,
1st Lesson—Num. xxi.
2d Lesson—John iii 1-22.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the
third Sunday after Easter.

EVENING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 12th day of the
month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Micah iv.
2d Lesson—Colossians iii.
English Lectionary,
1st Lesson—Num. xxiii or xxiv.
2d Lesson—1st Tim. i, 1-18.

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for, the views expressed by any of our correspondents.]

PHILADELPHIA INSTITUTION NOTES.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 23, 1878.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—If we did not recollect that April showers bring forth May flowers what complaining there would be among us at the rainy weather which has been visiting us. As usual the gardeners seem to vie with each other this year as to who shall have the best plants, and we hope our patience will be rewarded by seeing our garden in its glory during the coming months of spring.

About the middle of last March the pupils of the oldest class enjoyed a lecture by Dr. Radder on "Impressions of England," in the chapel of St. Stephen's Church. Prof. C. interpreted it so clearly that we fully understood what was said. After a brief account of the origin of the English race, the Doctor said that on his arrival at this fair side of the ocean his ideas of grave, stout-looking Englishmen, slowly plodding along, at once vanished, and, instead, he saw the same hurrying, moving crowd, representing all classes of people, of every size and shape, that he had last beheld on his native shores. Here it is generally thought that the lords and masters of Great Britain are short and stout, while the gentler sex are thin and delicate; but the speaker said he saw the very reverse; he met plenty of Englishmen as tall and lank as Uncle Sam himself, and English women stout and healthy from living in a healthy land. He remarked that while England can boast of its accumulated wealth, the United States can boast of having more natural riches, lakes, mountains, rivers and fertile valleys. The lecture was very interesting indeed, and we hope to have the pleasure of again listening to one of the good Doctor's lectures.

Our faithful friend Mr. Barclay entertained us the other day with some extracts from "Julius Caesar." Having the gift of a wonderful memory, and a widely extended acquaintance with all classes of literature, his society is most agreeable and entertaining. We never find him short of anecdotes. His nephew, Rear Admiral Trenchard, has lately presented our museum with a species of crab found only in the Indian Ocean and Middle Atlantic. We are proud of this addition to the collection of curiosities now in our museum as it is a very rare species, the *Parthenope Florida*, and very little is known of its habits. It is about two feet wide and one foot long, and its shell has a thorny appearance; the color is of a lighter red than that of the lobster after boiling, and has a pinkish hue.

Many of the pupils are now beginning to hurrah for vacation which they see not very far off in the distance, and busy preparations are going on. Mr. John Pettengill is now occupying the position vacated by Mr. Pratt, and is much liked.

A druggist was quite puzzled the other day when a certain individual came into his store and wrote, "Are you German cologne?" and before he could comprehend what was meant he was further puzzled by being told, "I want five cents worth of powder teeth, I want one cent's worth of tooth powder brush."

PROFESSOR JOB TURNER IN MISSISSIPPI.

JACKSON, Miss., April 30, 1878.
MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—I arrived here from Mobile last Saturday afternoon, after a pleasant journey through a romantic country. On my arrival, I met my old friend Prof. Lawrence W. Saunders at the depot, and he took me to the deaf and dumb institution of which I have enjoyed the honor of being a guest. Mr. Talbot, the principal of the institution, last Sunday requested me to officiate for him, which I did. He has been a teacher in the Kentucky institution, and I find him well qualified for the place which he occupies; for he makes signs as well as anybody. He looks healthy, and bids fair to make a useful officer for many long years.

I had the pleasure of conducting a service in St. Andrew's Church last night before the principal, officers and pupils of the institution, and others. Bishop Green and the rector of the church assisted.

I have been enjoying eating strawberries, blackberries, and early vegetables for a long time. Everything here is green and beautiful. Jackson is a pretty city, and the people are kind and hospitable. I am enjoying my visit here very much.

Mr. Saunders is a teacher in this institution. He was once, for three years, instructor in the Virginia institution. His wife was once under my instruction at Staunton, Va. They are blessed with two fine children, who enjoy all their faculties in perfection.

Prof. Scott, a graduate of the National Deaf-Mute College, is a teacher here. I have had the pleasure of making his acquaintance, and find him well educated.

I have so much more to do than I expected that I have but little time for letter writing.

I shall leave here for New Orleans to-morrow night.

Yours sincerely, JOB TURNER.

MARRIED:

BUTLER-MARKHAM—At the residence of J. H. Markham, in the town of New Haven, May 1, by the Rev. Dr. Cross, Ed. B. Butler to Miss Emma Markham.

BUTLER-BARNARD—At North Beverly, April 25, John Butler, of Brooklyn, Mass., and Addie J. Barnard, of North Beverly, Mass.

Boston and Vicinity Notes.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Permit me to send you some little news which I happen to have.

Mr. Charles Acheson, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Acheson, died of typhoid fever, after a brief illness, in Randolph, Mass., on the 30th of last March. Being an affectionate and dutiful son, his death was a serious loss to his friends. His clergyman, who attended him on his deathbed, believed that he was fully prepared to die. He was twenty-three years of age and was a pupil at the Hartford Asylum from 1864 to 1873.

Mr. Charles A. Turner, of Malden, Mass., died April 3d, at Woburn, Mass., aged fifty-nine years. He was a collector for the Malden Gas Company, in Malden and Melrose. He was a brother of Prof. Job Turner, who is now traveling in the South.

On the evening of the 20th of last April Mr. Charles P. Wise was pleasantly surprised at his residence, in Cambridgeport, by a large party of his mute friends, who gathered to celebrate his birthday. Numerous gifts were presented as tokens of friendship. A pleasant social time was much enjoyed and an excellent supper was partaken of.

On the evening of April 24th the Amateur Athletic Tournament took place at Music Hall, in Boston, and was an interesting and lively entertainment. Messrs. W. H. Krause, E. W. Frisbie and A. W. Gorry, Boston mutes, were among the athletes who participated in the various acrobatic performances. Mr. Frisbie and his partner won the first prize in the three-legged race, and he also carried off the third prize in the one mile race.

Mr. Krause was one of the team which easily came off victorious over the other teams in the tug of war. Mr. Gerry was beaten, though it was well contested, in the one-mile walk. They are all members of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association Gymnasium.

On the evening of April 24th Mr. George A. Holmes lectured before the Boston Deaf-Mute Society on a celebrated story—"The forty robbers," and the following Sunday, April 28th, he favored the society with an excellent sermon.

It has been decided that the society will continue to give lectures till the last of May, which will positively be the last lecture of this season.

As the city of Boston comes into possession of the Boylston Hall and all its adjoining rooms for military purposes, the Boston Deaf-Mute Society is bound to move again, and takes a room under the Boylston Hall, which is not yet ready for our occupancy.

Miss Mary E. Carroll, of Biddeford, Me., has just returned to "Down East" from her long visit to her relatives in and near Boston. She has been staying at Mrs. Wise's, in Cambridgeport, and we enjoyed her visit very much. Mr. Charles A. Douglas, of Melrose, has gone to his old home in Connecticut to visit his folks and mute friends in Colchester and Norwich. As the game allows it, he, being a good angler, probably came more for trout than visiting. He has just sent word to the writer that he has caught some large trout. He is expected to be back in town this month.

Miss Jennie E. Smith, daughter of Mr. Amos Smith, of Boston, is to be married at the (new) Old South Church, in this city, on the 8th of May. There will be a grand, fashionable reception given in honor of her coming marriage. Over six hundred cards of invitations have been sent. I learn that Miss Carrie B. Darbrow, of New York city, is expected to be in this city in season to attend Miss Smith's wedding.

Mr. Robert D. Livingston, of Boston, who has earned his reputation as the great traveler, contemplates going to Europe next summer. We have been having the most unfavorable weather through the month of April, with an exception of a very few days, and it has been raining for the last eight days.

A laughable incident is too good to let it go unknown. A young mute gentleman, who was a student of the National Deaf-Mute College several years ago, and lives in one of the cities of Massachusetts, called on a beautiful young mute lady at her home the other evening. In due time when he was taking his leave, she accompanied him to the door. He naturally felt a strong desire to be favored with a kiss from her, but, being bashful, he had not the courage to ask her for it; so he simply shook hands with her, bade her good night and went down the steps to the street gate to go home. But he found himself unable to go farther, because he felt so blue and miserable at his failure to have the coveted kiss, and decided not to go home without asking her for it. He went back up the steps, (she still stood in the doorway,) on pretence of a little more talk, but his weak heart failed him and he went down the steps again. It made him desperate and he went up the steps three or four times, but each time his heart failed him and he felt more miserable. She readily knew what he struggled for, and cured him by charging him with being a coward. Instead of being angry he took courage and asked her to favor him with a kiss, which she did; then he found it much easier to take his leave, and went home with an air of triumph. SPECTATOR.

Boston, Mass., May 1, 1878.

Mr. Jacob E. Tuttle recently received an insulting and offensive letter from a deaf-mute peddler in St. Louis in which he threatened to "kick Mr. Tuttle, and whip him with a cow-hide rod." The superscription on the envelope was, "Jacob Tuttle, Dummy Chromo Peddler, Peconica, Rock county, Illinois."—Star.

A NORTH CAROLINA LETTER.

FROM AN INSTITUTION TEACHER.

RALEIGH, N. C., April 27, 1878.

DEAR MR. RIDER:—The mention of your name calls to mind the recollection of the pleasant days we spent within the walls of our *alma mater*, though more than twenty-four years have elapsed since I left there. I now propose to write to you. I do not consider myself capable of doing so, so as to write anything worth reading in your excellent paper, but as there occurred a pleasant event at our institution a few weeks ago, I am not willing it should pass unnoticed; therefore I will give you some account of the event for the benefit of some of your readers.

Prof. Job Turner, one of the oldest teachers in the United States, who had long been connected with the institution for the deaf and dumb, at Staunton, Va., arrived here on the 5th of last month, and was a guest at our school, having previously been invited by our principal. No person was more pleased to see the venerable gentleman than the writer, who had not seen him for eighteen years. Upon the arrival of the train from Weldon, N. C., the writer recognized the gentleman as well as if they had been together yesterday and he did the same, notwithstanding the ravages of time had touched them not lightly. The meeting was a pleasant one. The writer was several years under his instruction, at Staunton, Va., and received a great deal of good assistance from him in acquiring his education.

The gentleman came from Norfolk, where he had spent several days pleasantly and his mission work was successful, and he was kindly treated by all those whom he met.

On the first Sunday morning after his arrival our principal, Mr. Gudgey, escorted the missionary lay-reader to the institution for the colored deaf and dumb, accompanied by several of our teachers including the writer. He was cordially received by Messrs. Haynes and Debnam, the excellent teachers of the institution. He was shown through the building, and was much struck, but pleased with its appearance and arrangements. He expressed much surprise at the existence of such a school established for the colored mutes, that we had such a good school for them, and that the pupils, both deaf-mute and blind, enjoyed full benefits, as to board and instruction, which are now enjoyed by white pupils. Then he was escorted to the chapel to preach to the colored mutes, who assembled there to have the pleasure of seeing him. He gave an exposition of a text, copied on a slate, with several illustrations. His text was Matt. 5: 44, 45. He inculcated the duty of loving our enemies, and following Christ's example.

On the following afternoon Mr. Turner preached to our pupils, in our chapel. Quite a large number of ladies and gentlemen outside of the school assembled there to witness a novelty which had never before been seen. The blind pupils of our school, with their teachers were in attendance. One of our teachers, Mr. Dudley, interpreted Mr. Turner's sermon to the hearing audience. His text was Matt. 13: 31, 32, relating to the parable of a mustard seed. He followed it with an interesting history of our first and only teachers of the deaf and dumb Gallaudet and Clerc, who first introduced the art of teaching the unfortunate, through the medium of the sign language. Here he aptly illustrated the progress and growth of our schools for the deaf and dumb from the beginning to the present time, by the parable of the full development of a tree growing from a mustard seed. Then he gave some religious advice to the pupils, and closed the service with the singing of a portion of Psalms from the Common Prayer. From what I learned, the speaking audience expressed their pleasure with Mr. Turner's delivery. Some of them even understood some of his signs. Though his sign language is somewhat different from ours, owing to the fact that we were taught at different institutions, most of us appreciated his address. A considerable sum of money was generously contributed for the benefit of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes.

Soon after the service Mr. Turner went with the writer to call on Rev. Mr. Rich, rector of one of Episcopal churches. He was cordially received and presented his papers to him, showing the nature of his missionary engagements. Mr. Rich was much pleased to see him, kindly tendered him the use of his church, and evinced his great interest and sympathy in the work in which Mr. Turner is engaged. On the 7th (Thursday evening) of last month Mr. Turner held service in the Church of the Shepherds, assisted by Mr. Rich, who read at the same time. All our pupils, both deaf-mute and blind, were present on that occasion. When the service was concluded Mr. Rich read an interesting account of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes and its progress from the beginning to the present time, while Mr. Dudley interpreted the same in signs to the deaf and dumb pupils. A collection of money was taken. The church would, doubtless, have been very full, but a public entertainment elsewhere drew most of the congregation that night. Mr. Turner acquitted himself in such a manner as would do a gentleman of his profession much credit. It was quite gratifying to see him engaged in such a work for the good of the deaf and dumb, and others as well as may be somehow benefited.

During his stay he frequently visited our school-rooms, and gave some of his experience in teaching the mutes, which was appreciated by the teachers. He also visited the school for the colored mutes, several times, and was surprised to find that most of them were teachable, and, upon examination, gave his decided opinion that they could be taught to read and write. One afternoon during his sojourn he went with the writer to the penitentiary. They were very kindly received and showed over the building by one of the gentlemen in charge. Mr. Turner derived much pleasure from his visit there. The next afternoon he took a drive with the writer over to the insane asylum. The steward kindly showed them through the building, with its fine appointments and also an extensive garden. Mr. Turner entertained our pupils with some interesting stories, and incidents, several evenings, during his stay. They were much amused and edified by the stories, upon which he made some good remarks, by way of giving advice. Having spent just a week, the old gentleman took the train for Charlotte on the 9th of last month, where he was to do some mission work. It is to be hoped that he will do some good for the deaf-mutes living in that place. He spent a pleasant time here, made many pleasant acquaintances, and was highly pleased with the manner in which he was treated. We endeavored to induce him to prolong his visit, but his engagement forbade it. He has our best wishes for his pleasant and safe journey and much success in his missionary works. May God in his kind providence prosper him in all his undertakings. We hope that his life may be spared so as to enable him to pay us another visit. He told us that he found the people in this State more pleasant, hospitable and intelligent than he expected. He expressed great surprise that this State had prospered in point of wealth and population, notwithstanding the results of the late war, because he naturally supposed it was much behind the other States in those respects. He was, doubtless, familiar with Mitchell's description of this State, in his school geography, in which there was a picture representing the barren, looking pine trees, poor land, and tar and pitch making; and so it led him to think that the State was what it was represented. The result of his visit and trip removed his erroneous impressions entirely. Since his departure from this place he has not advised us of his movements south, as he promised to do, except by his letter in your paper which gave an interesting account of his trip in South Carolina. I intended to write this letter sooner, but my school duties prevented me from doing so.

Yours very truly,
THOMAS H. TILLINGHAUST.

DEATH OF JAMES MARTIN COSGROVE.

ONE OF THE BRIGHTEST PUPILS OF THE NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE GONE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 2, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I have a sad duty to perform. As if to remind us that in the midst of life we are in death, an overruling Providence has seen fit to take a fellow student from us. On the 22d of last month James Martin Cosgrove, of Minnesota, died after a few days' illness. As a scholar he stood high in his class and might have reflected much honor and credit upon the college had he lived to graduate. As it is, his loss is greatly deplored by the faculty, with some of whom he was on intimate terms of friendship. The class of '79, of which the deceased was a member, regrets his death the more keenly because it has caused a vacancy that it may be difficult to fill. Had he lived he might have carried off all of the honors of his class. This proves the truth of the old saying, "Death loves a shining mark." The class of '79 had entered upon their freshman year with as fair prospects as any other before them, but from various causes, out of seven young men, only two succeeded in reaching the junior class. By Mr. Cosgrove's death, only one is left behind; but in the sophomore year they had been joined by another student, which makes the number of juniors two.

The funeral services held over his body, the next day after his death, were solemn and impressive. The members of the faculty, nearly one and all, paid a tribute of respect to the memory of Mr. Cosgrove, testifying to his good record as a student, both in and out of the recitation room. The most eloquent and most affecting tribute was paid by the only surviving member of the class that had entered the college with Mr. Cosgrove. On the evening of the same day, the remains were sent to the family of the deceased.

STUDENT.

FANWOOD NEWS.

We are enjoying a spell of very fine weather. It is already summer here. The apple trees are in blossom, and some have already shed their flowers. Last year on May 15th they were only just blown. The woods are full of wild flowers, which those among us who are fond of botany take pleasure in gathering.

There is to be a great anniversary celebration at the Broadway Tabernacle, Twenty-sixth street and Sixth avenue, in this city. Our institution has been invited to participate and send down a lot of its scholars to illustrate how the deaf and dumb are taught. Nearly one hundred of the pupils will go. It will take place on Thursday, the 9th inst. The annual election of our Board of Directors will take place on Tuesday, the 21st inst., then we shall have the usual exhibition.

There will be a pantomime entertainment given here in a few days for the benefit of the Fanwood Ath-

letic Club. The play will be the Red Rover. Mr. Reeves is manager.

Friday evening, the 3d inst., instead of the stereoscopic lecture we had a sort of rehearsal in the chapel for next Thursday's exhibition, and those who were to use signs recited their parts. If they do as well at the exhibition as they did then we shall not need to be ashamed. Miss Flora Jones will recite "The American Flag," Miss Ella Dillingham, "The Marcellé." Four young girls will repeat the hymn "Asleep in Jesus" in concert, etc., etc. I will write you about it when it is over.

NEW YORK, May 4, 1878.

Rev. Thomas Gallaudet's Mission Work.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 2, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—As I understand my communications to the JOURNAL are interesting to its readers, I will send you a few lines from the capital of our country.

At 8 p. m. on Wednesday, April 24th, I married a couple at the residence of the bride, in Lexington avenue, near Forty-fifth street, New York. This prevented me from attending the quarterly meeting of the trustees of the "Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes," which was held in St. Ann's Church at the same hour.

I took the 8:30 p. m. train from New York and reached Rochester the next morning about 10.

I spent the day very pleasantly in visiting the Western New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes and in calling on friends who are specially interested in deaf-mutes. Mr. Westervelt conducted me through the institution, which has so rapidly increased in numbers and general prosperity under his guidance. I was glad to hear from Professor Hart that the mission to deaf-mutes at St. Luke's Church was continuing under Mr. Acker, and that quite a number of deaf-mutes received the Holy Communion on Easter Day. I attended a meeting of the trustees of the institution at 3 p. m., and took an eastward train at 4:45 p. m. Reaching Rome at a quarter before nine, I became the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wright. During Friday I was very busy in matters pertaining to the Central New York Institution, and in calling upon several friends in relation to the baptism of their children. I attended a quarterly meeting of the trustees of the institution at 2:30 p. m., after which the principal, Mr. Nelson, conducted us through all the departments. Evidences of efficient management were everywhere apparent. The institution greatly needs \$30,000 with which to erect a new building on the site which has been presented to it.

At 5 p. m., in Zion's Church, I baptized seven children, four of Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain's two of Mr. and Mrs. Knight's and one of Mr. and Mrs. Evans's.

Having spent the night and Saturday forenoon with friends in Utica, I reached Troy in time to lecture before the Literary Club at 8 p. m. I sketched the characters of a few men, showing the strong contrast between the honest and the dishonest.

After the lecture I went to Albany and enjoyed the hospitality of the Rev. Dr. Reese, at the rectory of St. Paul's Church.

On Sunday forenoon I officiated at St. Paul's Chapel, and at 2:30 p. m., in the church, I conducted the quarterly service for deaf-mutes. At 7:30 p. m., in St. John's Church, Cohoes, the rector, Mr. Gwynne, and I conducted a combined service, he reading and I interpreting.

Monday morning I reached Ballston. In Christ Church, the Rev. M. DeLafield, rector, I baptized Mrs. Moses Smith and her son, of Jonesville, and Mrs. Denton, of Dean's Corners. After this Rt. Rev. Bishop Doane held a confirmation service, at which Mr. and Mrs. Moses Smith and Mrs. Denton received that Apostolic rite. Upwards of forty were confirmed at that time. This was followed by a celebration of the Holy Communion.

After a pleasant social gathering at the rectory we had another service at 3 p. m., in the church. I interpreted and made an address in the interest of the "Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes." It was a bright and beautiful day, and it brought joy to many hearts.

At 6 p. m. I took the train to Albany and from thence the steamboat "St. John" for New York.

Having breakfasted at home and attended to some business matters, I assisted at the ninth anniversary of "The Sisterhood of the Good Shepherd," caring for the poor at St. Barnabas House, and then went over to Plainfield, N. J., where I married a couple at 3 p. m. I passed the evening pleasantly in West Philadelphia with my sister and family, and took the midnight train for Washington.

May-day morning, bright and early, I was making my way out to Kendall Green, the noble site of "the Columbian Institution for Deaf-Mutes," its National College for Deaf-Mutes. I went, of course, to the residence of my brother, the president, which I have so often found to be a haven of rest and comfort.

After breakfast I looked about the tastefully arranged grounds with the various groups of buildings, and saw that preparations were being made to suitably observe "Presentation Day." The exercises were held in the college chapel at 3 p. m. The young men acquitted themselves creditably, showing in their dissertations and orations the result of their training. President Hayes and wife honored the occasion by their presence.

The heart of President Gallaudet must have been filled with gratitude to God as he thought of the wonderful results of his twenty-one years of patient labor. The National Deaf-

Mute College is a grand, providential reality, and I trust it will be more and more appreciated by all the friends of deaf-mutes throughout the country.

After spending Sunday in Baltimore, and Monday in Hagerstown, I expect to be at home next Tuesday evening. Yours very sincerely,

THOMAS GALLAUDET.

Professor Job Turner Enjoying Himself on John's Island, S. C.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—It is difficult for me to clearly express how much I have been enjoying the hospitality of those I have visited, and I will mention the pleasure of visiting Wadmalow Island, in South Carolina, which place I reached one evening just as the sun was about setting. I went there to see my old pupils, Mr. Micah I. Jenkins, his wife and his sister, Miss Anna M. Jenkins, at the direction of Bishop Howe, of the diocese of South Carolina, who confirmed the first two last February. I reached the island from Charleston by the little steamer Pilot Boy, which conveyed us safely through many windings of the Wapow Cut. The word cut means a little river. Along the serpentine stream stand some large, pleasant-looking plantation dwellings. Crabs, oysters and fish are caught in this stream in great profusion. The people here do not find much trouble to make a living, though they lost almost all they had by the late war; but they are as hospitable as ever. Landing on this island, I met with a most happy reception from my host and his mother and sister. They seemed wild with joy. They had been expecting me for more than a month. I reached here one month later than I had expected to. I was struck with the picturesque appearance of this island. It seemed as if I had entered a veritable paradise.

No one can form an exact idea how kindly and hospitably the Jenkins's have entertained me. We held services in the parlor every morning and evening during my stay, with doors and windows widely opened, gentle breezes blowing through the room. What an enjoyable Sabbath I passed with them. It was one of the most splendid and spring-like days that I ever spent. Everything about here looked fresh, green and bright. The sight of so much of nature's beauty made me think of the loveliness of the garden of Eden.

This little spot of land is about 35 miles long and from 3 to 5 wide. It is a sea island of which South Carolina can justly be proud. The sea islands are celebrated not only for the great hospitality of their inhabitants, but also for the finest cotton in the world. The people here have many edibles which I had never before tasted, and they have very nice cooks. Before the war no poor person was found on this island, but since that unhappy event so much desolation has occurred that some colored people, and even some white ones, have been in great danger of being starved. Some of the old colored people often say they wish they were slaves again, and that they had always kind and indulgent masters and mistresses before the war. It might have been better if the government had set the young colored people at liberty without doing anything with the old slaves. I have seen old men and women walking about in rags, barefooted and bareheaded. Their sad condition excited my pity. They ought to have been kept at home under their old masters, for they have shown that they do not know how to take care of themselves, for which cause many are starving.

Hares, foxes, wildcats, &c., are so abundant here that they cannot raise any vegetables unless they keep their gardens closely enclosed with high fences, and they have to look up their poultry-houses for the night. I have enjoyed nicely cooked crabs, oysters, &c., with the keen appetite of an epicure. Blackberries, peaches and other fruits are past blooming, and will ripen shortly. Yellow jessamines grow wild here in great abundance. The inhabitants put them in bureaux and trunks to perfume and protect their clothes from moth, as you would use gum camphor. I would like to say more about this island, but cannot for want of time, except to say that about seven miles from the house of my friend was fought a severe pitched battle between General Henry A. Wise's army and General Strong's union army. Last Saturday we passed in full sight of the place, the breastworks of which could still be seen after we had reached the Seabrook Island beach, about 25 miles north-east of Port Royal, S. C., which is well-known as a great naval station. The lady who accompanied us to the beach said she heard the repeated firing of cannon, though it was 25 miles from the beach. I am told that Port Royal has the largest and deepest harbor south of Norfolk, Va.

I am surprised to learn that the juice, or marrow, of the tops of palmetto trees is edible. They say it tastes somewhat like cabbage, and they call it palmetto cabbage. I would have eaten some out of curiosity if it had been obtained for me, but the negro who promised to procure me some of this strange food forgot to fulfill his promise. About ten miles from this house stands the new Episcopal church which was lately built on the very spot where the old one was burnt to the ground during the war. It was rebuilt through the instrumentality of Rev. Dr. Hall, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who was formerly its rector for ten years. I think I understood them to say that Dr. Hall assisted in nailing up the building with his own hands while he was here on a vacation. He is rector of the church of the Holy Trinity, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Micah J. Jenkins was formerly one of my pupils at Staunton, Va., but after he had been there two years he went to New York with his deaf-mute sister, Miss Anna M. Jenkins. He married Miss Fanny F. McKinney, a graduate of the Virginia Institution. They lost their darling daughter Daisy last year, but they have another daughter. Mrs. Jenkins, their mother, is still living with them, and is very useful to them, because she can use her fingers and make signs, and they all understand each other very well.

I am going to Charleston this afternoon to take the cars for Savannah, Ga. I cannot travel and work as rapidly as I wish I could. I find it impossible to be quick in new places, but I shall work more rapidly when I have become well acquainted with the rectors and the people.

I am gratified to realize that I am laboring in a very important field. I feel that the Lord's blessing is attending the work; and I trust the labor of all who work in the missionary cause will be abundantly blessed, especially the work designed for our deaf-mutes. Accept for yourself and all my friends my best wishes.

Very sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

John's Island, S. C., April 1, 1878.

Mr. Micah J. Jenkins was formerly one of my pupils at Staunton, Va., but after he had been there two years he went to New York with his deaf-mute sister, Miss Anna M. Jenkins. He married Miss Fanny F. McKinney, a graduate of the Virginia Institution. They lost their darling daughter Daisy last year, but they have another daughter. Mrs. Jenkins, their mother, is still living with them, and is very useful to them, because she can use her fingers and make signs, and they all understand each other very well.

I am going to Charleston this afternoon to take the cars for Savannah, Ga. I cannot travel and work as rapidly as I wish I could. I find it impossible to be quick in new places, but I shall work more rapidly when I have become well acquainted with the rectors and the people.

I am gratified to realize that I am laboring in a very important field. I feel that the Lord's blessing is attending the work; and I trust the labor of all who work in the missionary cause will be abundantly blessed, especially the work designed for our deaf-mutes. Accept for yourself and all my friends my best wishes.

Very sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

John's Island, S. C., April 1, 1878.

A VOICE FROM THE OLD BAY STATE.

THE GOOD WORK STILL PROGRESSING.

Encouraged by the success that has attended the deaf-mute societies of this State, and the late report of the Boston Society, a number of mutes, representing six out of the seven societies of the State, met in Boston on the afternoon of last Fast Day, April 11th, and agreed upon the preliminary steps to be taken in regard to establishing a Massachusetts State Deaf-Mute Mission of an undenominational character, for the purpose of reaching the mutes in other parts of the State, where there are no societies, and of forming such where deemed advisable. It is not the intention to interfere with existing societies, but, on the contrary, to help to an extra service those whose funds do not allow them to have but one service a month. A general manager and a treasurer were appointed, and it was resolved to meet again soon for a more formal organization. It was also determined to open correspondence with prominent mutes in other States, with the view of helping to organize similar missions within their borders, and for the purpose of obtaining concentrated action to present a united front for a New England organization, undenominational in its character.

Let our brethren of the Empire State and of the West go and do likewise. Let us work together in the good cause—blessed.

Who will encourage us in so doing? May 3, 1878. BY REQUEST.

The Bangor Religious Services for Deaf-Mutes.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I had sent a written invitation to twenty-four deaf-mutes to come to-day to the vestry of the Pine street Methodist Church in the city of Bangor, and hear, with their eyes, Rev. Samuel Rowe's sermon, but owing to the bad weather most of them could not come. In spite of such weather the other mutes bravely resisted Satan's whisper not to come to church, and came off victorious over him. The Lord blessed them. Eleven of us, the mutes, attended the Sunday services that Rev. Mr. Rowe to-day conducted. Our names are: Messrs. Augustus Haley, Chester Stearns, Frank Rice, B. H. B. Alden, Byron A. Brown; Misses Mary S. Hanson, Marybell Russell and Hattie Frost; Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Brackett, and the president of the Belfast Deaf-Mute Society, who did not want me to give his name.

Rev. Mr. Rowe is an eloquent minister and we took great interest in him. We had a very jovial, pleasant, and nice time with each other.

All mutes are hereby notified that we, the mutes, will go to the said church on the last Sabbath of every month, at 10:30 a. m., 2 p. m., and 7 p. m., from this time, hoping all mutes will be infinitely glad to come to church, to be led out of the darkness of terror and ignorance into the light of truth and Christianity. They need a holy Savior, and if they believe on Christ they are promised a Savior and a heavenly home where all His hosts are now infinitely happy, and dwell with Him throughout all eternity.

Respectfully yours,
Byron A. Brown, Manager.

Hampden Center, Me., April 28, 1878.

Fashion Notes.

Mitts, either black or white, are to be the rage this summer.

"Oatmeal" is the latest grain in linen; it has superseded flax.

French lisle thread gloves are long, and have the stocking finish upon the arm.

"Strapped" shoes, with the French heel, are the favorite summer chausure.

The fashionable sacque has a long waistcoat, cut square in the Louis XIV style, and a reverse collar.

Fine Scotch gingham, in pretty checks, are "the thing" for summer washing dresses, and they are trimmed with torchon lace.

Hats and bonnets worn in city streets set very close to the head; the large hats a la Gainsborough are reserved for country wear.

Lenten hats are of black straw trimmed with satin ribbon and flowers or folds of gross grain silk and black feathers, gold tipped.

